

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 1.

GREENVILLE, S. C.: FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1854.

NO. 23.

The Southern Enterprise,
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.
WILLIAM P. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
T. J. & W. P. Price, Publishers.

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Poetry.

My Mountain Home.

BY ANNIE ARLINGTON.

My mountain home! my mountain home!
Is beautiful to me!
Though humble, it is dearer far,
Than stately halls would be;
Its noble woods, its mountains high—
Its little sparkling rills,
That dash along so merrily,
My heart with gladness fill.

My mountain home! my mountain home!
I never can forget
The happy hours I spent in thee
Ere grief or sad regret
Had stole the roses from my cheek,
Or dimmed my laughing eye,
Or turned to anguish the bright hours
That passed so gaily by.

And when in future years my heart
Shall be oppressed by care—
I'll close my eyes to all around,
And think again I'm there,
Sitting beneath the old oak tree,
Upon the bright hill-side,
Where I am wont to sit and watch
The waters as they glide.

Again I'll hear you murmuring brook,
Or listen to the breeze
That glided kissed the mountain brow,
Or sported 'mong the trees;
The bird that sweetly sings upon
Your stately oak-tree's bough
Shall sing the same sweet song I sing
So blithely to me now.

And when they gently lay me down,
Upon the earth's cold breast;
Methinks in yonder fairy spot
My form would sweetly rest;
Among the scenes, the pleasant scenes,
Where I once loved to roam;
Beneath the tree, so dear to me,
Beside my mountain home.

[Waverly Magazine.]

A War Sketch.

MAGOFFIN;

OR,

The Traitor of the Valley.

The day was retreating to the west and evening was preparing to cast her gloom around, for as yet it was scarce possible to say that the brightness had diminished; the hour appeared as though a thin cloud had mellowed the light which hung in the valley, yet the glowing appearance of the forest on the western hills, showed where the sun was sinking—a few clouds that had been floating to and fro in the heavens during some hours past, were gradually melting away and leaving the wide blue arch pure and unobscured; throughout the valley all was silent and calm; a mill was there, but its noise, which had echoed amongst the rocks during the fore part of the day, was now hushed and still, and the slight murmur of the water from the dam alone could be heard; this was a beautiful sheet of water, on which the dark shadows from the neighboring hills were fast gathering.

A solitary urchin stood on a rock projecting into it, and was winding up his fishing line and preparing to depart. Built in a fine situation, on the slope of the mountain, was a comfortable looking stone house, over-topped by many aged sycamore trees, under one of which was a bench, and hereon reclined a man who constituted with the fisher, the only animated objects of the scene.

The appearance of this person did not at all coincide with the beauty and calmness of the spot; he was of short stature, but the stoutness of his person compensated for his want of height; strength was indicated in every limb, and his expanded chest and broad shoulders, made it too evident to escape observation; his round face was pitted deeply with the small pox, and was destitute of those marks by which we are innately taught to expect talent, worth and honor; although their opposites were not portrayed, yet the expression of his features seemed to bid us not to be astonished at finding them.

He was habited in a suit of dark grey clothes, and wore a black handkerchief around his neck. Ever and anon he cast his piercing grey eyes with anxious looks towards the road which wound down the hill at the north end of the valley.

When evening had a little more advanced, and the unconsciousness of the person just describ-

ed apparently increased, a chariot was seen descending into the valley, along the narrow road. It was not long before the steady pace of the sturdy horse had brought it and its passengers close to the mill; these were a middle aged man of meagre habit, and of no very pleasing appearance, and a beautiful girl, who seemed now to be about twenty, resplendent in charms; her beautiful chestnut hair was crossed over her fine white forehead, and a pair of lively blue eye beneath, bespoke a pure and cultivated mind; the person we first mentioned, and who was called Magoffin, seemed much pleased with the arrival of his visitors, or at least his stern features seemed to express as much satisfaction and joy, as was compatible with their peculiar cast.

"You are welcome, Pattison," said he, "and you, Miss Ellen. I rejoice to see you in my lonely valley."

"Lonely indeed, sir," was the answer, "though absence of company is sometimes in advantage."

"Sometimes," said Magoffin, with an angry look, and turned on his heels to address Mr. Pattison and assist him to alight, for a severe lameness rendered this somewhat difficult.

As Ellen entered the dwelling, a feeling of grief to which her young heart was not a stranger, pervaded her bosom; the only female she found in the house was its keeper, an old woman, whose son assisted at the mill, and these together with the owner constituted the whole family. Ellen desired to be shown to a room, and when there, a deep sigh escaped her as she seated herself on the bed; a feeling of dislike towards Magoffin was one of the most powerful which the calm breast of the maiden had yet entertained, and at each of his frequent visits at her uncle's (for Mr. Pattison stood in that degree related to her) she felt it increase; what then were her sensations when her uncle gave her to understand that she was the cause of these visits; that she had attracted the notice of the man she despised, but of one whom Mr. Pattison considered as in every respect a suitable partner for her through life?

Each day he spoke in favor of Magoffin;—money was his ruling passion, avarice held firm a sway in his breast, and he dwelt with complacency on the wealth of the suitor, whose riches he said were not confined to his mill and farm.

The hopes of the Americans for the re-establishment of their independence, were now at their lowest ebb, by reason of the ill success of the last campaign; Pattison rejoiced at it and Magoffin with him, and the former told Ellen of vast sums her suitor would realize on that event; but this to her was worst of all, for she had imbibed largely of revolutionary feelings, and nightly put up her prayers for the safety and success of Washington and her country's army.

And there was one there who shared her prayers; she had neither father nor mother, nor knew she of a single relation except her uncle, who but illy supplied the place of a fond parent; it was not for a relation she petitioned heaven, 'twas for a lover, a soldier in the army of Independence. She had given her heart to one whom she thought in every respect worthy off it, and who increased in worth when contrasted with Magoffin.

Alfred Clendinning she knew was brave, noble, generous, possessing a mind more cultivated than ordinary, and from a close observation of his rival, she thought she detected a want of all the qualities. Alfred was not poor, but her uncle viewed him in no friendly light, and forbade him his house.

Ellen descended to supper, and afterwards was compelled to endure the company of Magoffin for an hour, when her uncle told her they wished to be alone, and she gladly availed herself of the leave thus given, to seek shelter of her room; the old house-keeper lighted her up, and to her she put some casual questions concerning Magoffin, for she felt there was something concealed in his mode of life—the old woman was talkative and no ways backward in communicating information, but she had not much to give; she said, however, that he was often absent for whole days and nights together, without saying whether he was going, and that several times there had been parties of men in the valley at night who would carry off the flour from the mill—once or twice a gentleman had stopped all night in their house, and then they were sure to sit talking till break of day.

Ellen reclined on her bed whilst a thousand thoughts passed over her mind. In the meantime, Magoffin and his guest were seated in the room below and were in a busy conference; before them was a table covered with papers and letters, the contents of which busied them both; from time to time a large silver watch that lay on the table was often consulted in considerable anxiety.

"The Major delays long," at length Magoffin observed.

"If those cursed rebel horse are out, he brings an escort, I suppose!" said Pattison.

"Ay, some dragoons to see him safe."

"I wish he were here," rejoined the visitor.

"General Arnold is anxious to conclude the treaty, and to night may ensure the downfall of the union; my powers are ample, and our reward will be so too; you know my of-

fer, give me Ellen, and I relinquish one half my share to you."

"Ellen, as I have already said, is yours; I have brought her with me, that here retired from the world, she may become your bride, where all opposition would be vain, for I have found her stubborn and perverse."

"Alfred Clendinning has caused this, but he shall rue having crossed my path," said Magoffin, and gathered his eyebrows into a determined frown; at that moment the distant sound of fire-arms was heard. "Hark!" said he "by heavens! 'tis the pistols of the dragoons!"

"For God's sake," said Pattison, "be cautious; these papers may ruin us; confound the chance that brought the rebels on the hills at this time of night—they're at it still!" and the quick successive shots were distinctly heard.

Whilst all this was passing below, Ellen had remained in a deep anxiety of thought in her chamber; the beauty of the night had brought her to the window, and she hung with delight on the scene before her; the moon was waning away, her full broad disc had disappeared, and a crescent of silver light now hung over the valley; in the lower portion of this, dark trees and hills soon broke the view, but above, the light rested on the expanded water and showed an extent of clear land for some distance; here and there the dark shadows of hills and trees were visible, contrasting with the brightness around and assuming grotesque forms, sometimes huge and undefined, and again showing the appearance of strange castles or armed giants, whilst the woods which resounded at intervals with the voice of the night frog and katydid, was here and there burnished with long rays of brightness; a portion of the road too, was visible as it descended the hill at the extreme end of the valley; and as she gazed towards it, for a moment she was startled, for she thought she perceived a dark body move along—but 'twas gone, and her eye, which hung on the spot, could discover nothing more; her attention wandered, and in an instant the bright flashings of fire were visible in the wood below, and the report of fire-arms struck on her startled ear; she bent from her easement with deep interest, every thing else seemed hushed, and between the successive discharges of fire-arms, she heard the noise of the distant turmoil; she saw lights moving about the little mill, half hid by huge trees and ponderous rocks, among which each moment, streaks of fire and the report of arms were discerned, for this seemed to be the center of commotion, and she heard the noise of bullets dropping into the water between her and it; the moon did not give light enough to dissipate the gloom which hung, round, but now a brightness darted o'er the water and through the darkness, and the next moment the straw roof of the mill flashed upwards in a column of vivid flame; far and wide its light spread through the valley and up the hills, and showed every leaf hanging on the trees, and lighted every fissure in the surrounding rocks; a shout from the combatants arose with it, and as it passed she heard the sound of horses hoofs approaching at utmost speed.

The blaze made it as light as day, and she saw an officer on a gallant charger dash across the bridge at the lower end of the dam; he seemed to support himself on the saddle by the mane of his horse, over which he had apparently lost all command, whilst the light flashed on his uniform and played on the bright scabbard that dangled at his side, and increased the terror of his frightened animal. The rider had lost his cap, and was evidently wounded, and now the rapid speed of his horse had brought him to the house, when a gate opposed a barrier to his further progress.

As though suddenly recovering his lost courage the steed stood still, but the officer was too far spent to resist the shock thus given him, and he was thrown stunned at the door. Magoffin had been securing the papers in much anxiety, and now and then throwing a hurried glance towards the fight—but when the event we have just spoken of occurred, he thrust the papers into a side pocket, rushed out, and seized the horse—

"Farewell, Pattison," he cried, "our stars are unlucky, I know it by the burning of the mill; the papers are safe"—and throwing wide the gate he sprang into the saddle, and was lost in the trees below.

Pattison seemed confounded, and withal trembling the issue of the fight. Ellen was alone, and her fortitude was fast sinking, but now she saw at the door a fellow being wounded and perhaps expiring; this was enough to prompt her to exertion, and she descended from her chamber to succor the unfortunate. As that beautiful gem of the east which sparkles in its own native glory, is recognized in the absence of light, so the heart of woman in the hour of misery and woe is known by its kindness and beneficence.

Ellen felt all a woman's care for the wounded man; by the assistance of the miller boy she had him brought into the parlor, and now she saw that he was rather advanced in years, tall, and of manly make, and of a foreign aspect; he was clothed in an American uniform, which showed him to be of rank; his right arm was wounded, and he was bathed in blood, and senseless from the effect of the fall and bleeding.

The housekeeper slowly went away to get some nostrum for his use; the miller went to the wood to gaze at the fight and burning mill, where her uncle already was, whilst Ellen bent over the wounded man, whose head she held, and from whose large forehead she wiped away the blood, and parted the clogged locks of long dark hair.

As she stooped over him, a thought dawned on her mind that she had seen that countenance before; she drew a miniature from her bosom; the features there were those of a lady on one side, and on the other a young man, but though altered by years, the resemblance was powerful, and she had been told they represented her deceased parents a thousand feelings possessed her, and she hung trembling o'er the stranger, who was beginning to revive.

At once some soldiers galloped to the door, and an officer with his sword in his hand entered the room, whilst two soldiers led in Mr. Pattison; when the young soldier saw a lady he doffed his cap, looked a moment, and sprang forward, and a glance showed Ellen 'twas Alfred Clendinning.

"Ellen, dear, Ellen," was his salutation, "ever good and kind, how am I surprised to find you here! and my brave commander!"

"Alfred," said Ellen, raising her eyes suffused with tears, "what a time is this, with the dying, I fear, before me."

"I hope not! but stay," said the soldier, and issued in a loud voice an order to search everywhere for the traitor Magoffin, whom the soldiers said they could not discover. Ellen, however, told Alfred of his departure, and some of the party dashed on in the hopeless pursuit. The soldiers guarded Pattison in the next room, on suspicion of a connexion with Magoffin, and the rest of the party soon arrived with the wounded and prisoners.

Colonel Vincent, for so was the wounded officer called, had now recovered from his lethargic state; he reclined on a couch provided for him, but his eyes left not Ellen's face for a moment; at length with a strong emotion, he grasped her hand.

"Tell me," he said, "who are you?" the miniature hanging around her neck caught his eye, he gazed, "It is! it must be so! tell me, tell me, who you are; are not your features the counterpart of those?" said he, pointing from Ellenor to the female miniature, "and my own features, are they not here portrayed?" gazing at the reverse, "for God's sake speak!"—Ellen trembled.

"They are indeed," burst from her lips, "but I, I am an orphan; my uncle;—"

"Where, where is he?"

"In the next room," said the lieutenant.

"Bring him in!" Alfred flew to obey the order—in a moment he returned with Pattison—in recollecting himself his fright had left him; he knew that Magoffin had secured all the papers that could criminate him; the idea of safety gave him courage, and he advanced with undaunted form, but had the thunder of heaven burst over his head, and the fires of a wild volcano hissed at his feet he could not have crouched with more dismay than when he met the gaze of Col. Vincent; one glance sufficed—the Colonel was on his feet, fire flashed in his eyes and his bright sword gleamed above his head.

"Meet the reward of thy villainy! meet the punishment of the villain!"

His right arm unheeding its wound, was raised aloft, but a feeble hand stayed its course; Ellen clung to it, and the sword fell harmless. His hand sought hers—"Speak, miscreant! need I ask it—but speak!" Pattison's breast heaved, and in a hollow tone he said,

"She is your daughter!" and Ellen was clasped in the arms of a noble father.

That night Ellen heard from her father the story of his wrongs—his parents had left the United States to live in the West Indies; here he was born, settled in business, and married the girl of his choice with whom he was happy and content. In the course of business he became acquainted with Pattison, an adventurer, poor and friendless; he had taken him into his employ, into his house, and extended him the hand of friendship, and love—from nothing he had raised him to a respectable station, and good prospects.

When Ellen was two years old, and everything seemed going on well, an insurrection broke out amongst the negro slaves, and the yellow fever at the same time made its appearance. Mr. Vincent was sufficiently rich; he had for some time contemplated returning to the land of his fathers, and for this purpose had considerably abridged his business, although doing it at this period to some disadvantage; he however sold all his property, and chartering a vessel, prepared to start for the United States; when, however, all was ready for the departure, his heart was torn with anguish, for his wife was taken with the fever.

To detain the vessel was impossible; for they had already embarked, when sickness seized on the frame of her so dearly loved, and she begged to be put on shore. He reposed every confidence in Pattison, but who then passed as Mr. Brown; to his charge he gave his fortune and his child, for death in all probability waited for it if taken to land. Receiving an acknowledgement from Brown for the amount under his charge, he left the ship—and from that day forward had never heard of this unprincipled miscreant.

In a few days after being on shore his wife died, and he became the object of an attack of the same disease—a tedious illness

he recovered, and almost destitute, embraced the first offer for the United States, which was by an English brig; but the third day out a French frigate, which nation was at war with England, captured them and he was taken to France. After many long months of suffering and delay, he reached America again, but all his exertions were unable to discover the residence of Brown.

When the war broke out, he entered the army, and had thus by chance, in an attempt to capture a traitor, discovered the object of his researches of past years—the papers he had taken so long before were still in his possession, treasured with anxious care. Ellen sighed and wept during her father's recital, and morn was breaking ere they parted.

The proof against Pattison, for treason, was not sufficient to convict him; he returned his ill gotten wealth to its right owner, and went away a wretch despised by all, though it is believed that like the traitor Arnold, for whom he was negotiating, he was enabled to live by British gold. Lieutenant Clendinning behaved gallantly during the war under her father's command, and Ellen eventually became his bride, and formed the source of his happiness, and soothed the declining years of her veteran father.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Jefferson as a Lover.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

WITH Mr. Jefferson, the lover succeeded the school-boy in the due and time honored order, as laid down by the melancholy Jacques. The only record of this affair is to be found in a series of letters addressed by him to his friend Page, commencing immediately after he left college, and extending, at intervals, through the two succeeding years. These are to be found at length in Professor Tucker's life of him, and in the congress edition of his correspondence.—They possess some interest perhaps, in relation to their subject matter, but most, as the earliest specimens of their author's epistolatory writing, which have been preserved.—Though they display something of that easy command of language—that 'running pen'—for which he was afterwards celebrated, they exhibit no peculiar grace of style or maturity of thought. Perhaps, however, these would scarcely be expected in the careless, off hand effusions of boyish intimacy.—It causes a smile to see the future statesman 'sighing like a furnace' in a first love; concealed, after the approved fashion of student life, the name of his mistress under awkward Latin puns and Greek anagrams, to bury a secret which the world of course was supposed to have a vast interest in discovering; delightfully describing happy dances in his 'Belinda' in the Apollo (that room in the Raleigh tavern where we shall soon find him acting so different a part) vowing the customary despairing vow, that 'if Belinda will not accept his service it shall never be offered to another,' and so on to the end of the chapter, in the well beaten track of immemorial prescription. The object of his attachment was a Miss Rebecca Burwell, (called Belinda as a pet name, or by way of concealment), whom tradition speaks of as more distinguished for beauty than cleverness.

Mr. Jefferson's proposals seem to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in foreign travel before marriage. Whether for this, or because her preferences lay in a different direction. Miss Burwell somewhat abruptly married another man in 1764.

Mr. Jefferson was generally, however, rather a favorite with the other sex and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut hair luxuriant and silken.—His full, deep set eyes, rather light in color and inclining most to a blue or brown, according to the light in which they are viewed, were peculiarly expressive and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not well play his part. His manners were usually graceful, but simple and cordial.

His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in moulding the young and wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness, and cordiality in his tone, a deep sympathy with humanity, a confidence in man and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny, which irresistibly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had led them to form less glowing estimates of it—of such men as the scholar-like Small, the engaging Wythe,

the courtly and gifted Fauquier. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kind, and forgiving. If it naturally was anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placidity, there was not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect.

There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencontre, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolished by oaths or tobacco! Though he speaks of enjoying 'the victory of a favorite horse,' and the 'death of the fox,' he never put but one horse in training to run, never run but a single race, and he rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the classes. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even vice-royalty, to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex. He became of age in 1761.—*Life of Jefferson.*

Religion in Japan.

The temples, chiefly Buddhists, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them generally leads through rows of elegant trees and wild camellias. They are large plain structures with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front, is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious looking dragons, and other animals carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the buildings worth noting, the naked sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. Some of the idols on these altars are similar to those seen in the churches in Italy. The priests count beads, shave the head, and wear analagous robes, and the service is attended by the ring of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself within a Roman Catholic place of worship. During the seventeenth century, Christianity was introduced by the Jesuits, and for a time made rapid progress; but the missionaries, inflated by success, became haughty and presumptuous, and beginning to interfere in politics and government, brought about a violent persecution. So deadly a hatred was conceived against the Portuguese, that in the space of forty years, they and their religion were completely extirpated.—Even to this day in certain parts of the empire, the custom of trampling on the Cross is annually celebrated. To such a pitch were the Japanese exasperated, that none of the Romish ceremonial was permitted to survive. Now, the resemblance in the outward forms of the two religions is strikingly remarkable, and is an interesting fact in reference to the priority of the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, as it is still undetermined whether they originated with herself or were borrowed from Pagans. Great liberty of conscience exists. Every Japanese has a right to profess whatever faith he pleases, provided only it be not Christianity.

Affection.

We sometimes meet with men who think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They return from a journey and treat their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who, that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish then, your heart's best, and purest affections. Indulge in the warm, and gushing, and inspiring emotions of filial, parental, love. Think it not a weakness. God is love: love God, everybody and every one that is lovely. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

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There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencontre, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolished by oaths or tobacco! Though he speaks of enjoying 'the victory of a favorite horse,' and the 'death of the fox,' he never put but one horse in training to run, never run but a single race, and he rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the classes. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even vice-royalty, to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex. He became of age in 1761.—*Life of Jefferson.*

Religion in Japan.

The temples, chiefly Buddhists, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them generally leads through rows of elegant trees and wild camellias. They are large plain structures with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front, is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious looking dragons, and other animals carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the buildings worth noting, the naked sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. Some of the idols on these altars are similar to those seen in the churches in Italy. The priests count beads, shave the head, and wear analagous robes, and the service is attended by the ring of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself within a Roman Catholic place of worship. During the seventeenth century, Christianity was introduced by the Jesuits, and for a time made rapid progress; but the missionaries, inflated by success, became haughty and presumptuous, and beginning to interfere in politics and government, brought about a violent persecution. So deadly a hatred was conceived against the Portuguese, that in the space of forty years, they and their religion were completely extirpated.—Even to this day in certain parts of the empire, the custom of trampling on the Cross is annually celebrated. To such a pitch were the Japanese exasperated, that none of the Romish ceremonial was permitted to survive. Now, the resemblance in the outward forms of the two religions is strikingly remarkable, and is an interesting fact in reference to the priority of the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, as it is still undetermined whether they originated with herself or were borrowed from Pagans. Great liberty of conscience exists. Every Japanese has a right to profess whatever faith he pleases, provided only it be not Christianity.

Affection.

We sometimes meet with men who think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They return from a journey and treat their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who, that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish then, your heart's best, and purest affections. Indulge in the warm, and gushing, and inspiring emotions of filial, parental, love. Think it not a weakness. God is love: love God, everybody and every one that is lovely. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

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All happiness consists in contentment.